Number of Nails to a Horseshoe.

Centuries ago there lived a farrier, Walter le Brun by name, whose dexterity at the anvil on the occasion of a great tilting meeting on the banks of the Thames was noticed by the then reigning monarch, Edward III., who rewarded the blacksmith by granting him sufficient land adjoining the tilting green for the erection thereon of a forge. As quit rent he had to present annually to the king six horseshoes and sixty-one horseshoe nails. To the modern mind the number of nails would appear to be superfluous, but when it is remembered that the horseshoes of that period required ten nails apiece it will be seen that the calculations of Edward III. merely allowed one over in case of accident. Furthermore, the shoes were all to be for the horse's fore feet, from which fact some historians draw the inference that the animals ridden in the knights' tournaments were encouraged to injure each other with their front hoofs.—London News.

"Correct to a T."

Our earliest quotation for this or for the kindred phrases "to suit one to a T," "to fit to a T," "to know one to a T," is of 1603. Can any one help us to an earlier example? No one of our many instances throws any light upon its origin. A current obvious conjecture would explain "a T" as meaning "a T square," but to this there are various objections. We have no evidence as yet that the name "T square" goes back to the seventeenth century and no example of its being called simply "a T," and in few if any of our instances would the substitution of "a T square" for "a T" make any tolerable sense. The notion seems rather to be that of minute exactness, as it were "to the minutest point." But the evidence is mainly negative. If examples can be found of "T square" before 1700 or of its reduction simply to "T" or of earlier examples of "to a T" they may help to settle the actual origin.—London Notes and Queries.

The First Wire Nail.

Although the wire nail is a small thing, it would be a big thing to do without. Probably no one could estimate the millions or billions or trillions—whatever the number may be—that are used in a single year. Yet the first wire nails in the United States were made no longer ago than 1872. The first machine for their manufacture was brought over from Dusseldorf and set up in Covington, Ky. Later this single machine was multiplied by four and a company was organized. In 1884 the manufacture of wire nails was begun in Beaver Falls, Pa., and the product was already beginning to grow in popularity and usefulness. Just a year later a strike temporarily shut off the manufacture of cut nails, and the wire nail was in such demand that the manufacturers were swamped. From that time dates the supremacy of the wire nail.—Chicago Post.

The First Fireless Cooker.

Soon after the battle of White Plains, N. Y., while the American forces were drifting toward North Castle, the lone occupant of a house, one of the Pierce families, on the Bedford road at Pleasantville, N. Y., looking out of the window, descried a posse of Hessian soldiery coming up the pike. Having just placed a number of loaves of bread in the old Dutch oven, she bethought herself that it would be well to secrete them until the soldier band passed. She at once removed the loaves, which had already become heated, and ran up in the attic and placed them between two feather beds. The soldiers arrived in due time and soon appropriated everything removable. After their departure the housewife remembered the bread exodus, ran up the stairs, and, lo, the bread was done to the "queen's taste!"—Magazine of American History.

Figure It Out.

A beggar boy asked an old gentleman in the street for sixpence.

"What will you do with it if I give you one?" asked the old gentleman.

"Turn it into ninepence quick," replied the boy.

"How?"

"Give me the sixpence and I'll soon show you."

The boy got the money, darted off to a baker's shop and bought a three penny loaf, with which he returned to the old gentleman and handed him back 3 pennies.

"How's this? You said you would make the sixpence into ninepence."

"So I have. The baker's got threepence, you've got threepence, and I've got a threepenny loaf. That's ninepence."—Pearson's Weekly.

Late Hour Explained.

"What kept you until this late hour?" asked the husband of his suffragette wife.

"Well, my dear," she answered meekly, "you see it took us an hour to greet one another, the meeting lasted thirty minutes, and the rest of the time was spent in saying goodby."—Detroit Free Press.

When Women Run Us.

Friend—So your detective force is a failure? Chief Emma—Yes; we can't find any one who is willing to be a plain clothes woman.—Puck.

Had Had His.

Sioux Chief—Why didn't you torture the baldhead? Piute Chief—What was the use? He had been married for twenty years.—Buffalo Express.

To attempt to make everything emphatic is to make nothing emphatic.—Whately.

MIRACLE NOT TO BE DENIED

Rabbi Enjoyed Laugh on Skeptic Who Had Thought to Put Him "In a Hole."

A story is told of Rabbi Widrewitz, who is well known on the East side. A recently arrived skeptic and cynic came to see him once with a "case" intended to put the reverend gentleman "up a tree." He called on the rabbi at his residence on Henry street and begged to be healed and consoled.

"I suffer," said the skeptic, "from two maladies. I have a great weakness—I cannot tell the truth, and that hurts my soul terribly. And I have lost the sense of taste in my mouth; something is wrong with my tongue."

Mr. Widrewitz studied the man a moment, seemed to be perplexed, and said: "Come again to-morrow. It is a difficult case. I shall have to reflect upon it. If God wills, I shall be able to help you."

When the patient returned next day the rabbi brought forth a pill he had prepared, told the doubly afflicted man to open his mouth and shoved it in. The pill was of considerable size. Scarcely had the patient allowed it to dissolve somewhat in his mouth than he began to spit, with an expression of the greatest disgust and exclaimed:

"What do you mean? That's tar and sulphur and kerosene you gave me. Do you want to poison me? Phui!"

"Well, what are you making so much noise about?" laughed the rabbi, with great heartiness. "Hasn't God performed a miracle? You have told the truth—it is really tar and sulphur and kerosene. And you have actually recovered the sense of taste in your mouth!"—New York Press.

SET AVERAGE MAN THINKING

Could There Be Anything Sarcastic in What She So Quietly Set Forth?

"How sad it is," said the Average Man to the Average Woman, "that you are a tiresome creature—considered, of course, from a purely impersonal standpoint."

"I am interested," said the Average Woman. "Pray go on—as far as you like. I'm in the mood where real candor is the only thing I care for. Why then, am I tiresome?"

"Because of your limited range. For example, your conversation is exclusively confined to babies and bridge, servants and cigarettes, clothes and cotillions."

"How interesting!" exclaimed the Average Woman," "and how true! That suggests an idea. I shall reform."

"In what way?"

She smiled ambitiously.

"Hereafter," she said, "I shall widen my range of thought to include business, sport, woman and the quality of tobacco and rum, interspersed occasionally by the telling of indecent stories."

The Average Man had nothing to say. Indeed, for the first time in his life he was actually thinking.—Life.

Name of Clothes.

"Funny, isn't it," said the observant woman, "how our clothes are named. In some of them there is a sort of pretense that may please others, but it seems absurd to me. For instance, I have had a woman show me a coat and tell me how fine it would be for driving when neither I nor one in a hundred of her customers would ever get into a carriage. Then the motor veils! Just see how every woman rushes to get them. I suppose they will be selling thousands of aviation hats next. But if you don't realize how our clothes are named and the foolishness of it, just consider that at the same time a woman may wear a so-called tennis blouse, a sailor collar, walking shoes, a riding hat, a motor veil, a trotting skirt, a golf vest and a driving coat. And in spite of the complexity of sports she wouldn't look particularly incongruous, either."